

# **Exhibit 2**

## **Family Letters**

Hon. James L. Cott  
United States Courthouse  
500 Pearl Street  
New York, New York 10007

Your Honor,

I am sure you have received many letters attesting to Chaim's character and dedication to the community.

As his wife of over thirty years, I can assure you that they are all true and yet they barely scratch the surface.

His commitment to others began when he was young. While most twenty-year-olds would spend nights out with friends, my husband would be patrolling the streets of Flatbush. He spent years helping teens at risk, families in crisis, and aided in bringing crime down here in Brooklyn.

When disaster hit he was there. He did not just help after a catastrophe, he was there while it was happening.

During 9/11, he and members of the organization he founded drove back and forth all day bringing people from Manhattan to Brooklyn who had no way of getting home. He brought water and food to scared and disoriented people who had run from the burning buildings.

During a major blackout the next summer, he was out hunting for gas stations for himself and his members so they could fill up to be able to get around searching out those that needed aid.

During hurricane Sandy he did not run from the hurricane, he ran to it. He went door knocking before the hurricane hit to beg people to evacuate their homes. Some did, but most did not listen. So when Sandy hit shore, he went out there to rescue people from their homes. He rescued his boss, Michael Nelson, from his Sheepshead Bay office. For weeks and weeks we did not see him because he was out volunteering in the hard hit communities. He helped people who had lost their homes and those that needed food and basic supplies, especially the elderly.

During the pandemic, we did not leave the house until June, even having our groceries delivered. My husband was concerned about coming down with Covid-19. Not because he was concerned for his own health and well-being, but because he said that if he got sick he would not be there for the people who needed him. I saw him less when we were in quarantine together than I usually did, because he was busy 24/7 helping those affected. He was on the phone with doctors, clergy, city agencies and funeral home directors. He was instrumental in helping doctors navigate the eVital death certificate system. This was necessary to help the dead be buried immediately according to Jewish and Muslim religious law. He and his staff members helped countless individuals receive unemployment benefits, food packages, and medical attention.

When anti-Semitism started to rise, he brought community leaders from all different backgrounds to Crown Heights for a rally for peace. During the summer of the George Floyd protests, he organized a peaceful rally with Reverend Kevin McCall to stand in unity against hate. He called out a school board member who sent out an email for calling Asian Americans “yellows.”

It isn't about photo ops or major disasters for Chaim. He is there for people when no one else is there to see.

While on the campaign trail he knocked on the door of an elderly woman who was wheelchair bound. Her wheelchair had not been working for weeks and she was unable to get out of bed. He asked if he could come in and take a look at it. He discovered all it needed was a new battery. He went back the next day and inserted a new battery, giving this woman back her quality of life.

One day when he was on his way to City Hall, he saw a commotion. He went over and saw a woman who was distraught about a number of things going on in her life. He convinced her to get professional help and even checked back with her to see how she was doing.

One day during Corona, it came to his attention that there was a husband and his wife out on Long Island who did not have money to buy food. He reached out to multiple people and arranged for food, household items, and cash to be donated to this couple. They were set for months.

Since April, my husband has been helping people behind the scenes. His first priority was not to find a job for himself. First he busied himself making sure his staff members were taken care of. He called up elected officials and other contacts to ask if they needed workers. While looking for a job for himself, he found employment for several other individuals. When people called to see how he was doing, he would inevitably end up helping them.

Chaim has always been the rock of our family. Our children and I know that he is always there for us providing for our family and being there for us to lean on. Over the years, he patiently attended parent teacher conferences, taking pride in the children's achievements. He is so proud of each and every one of them, mentioning them often to others. When our grandchildren come to visit, he is the first one they run to for warm hugs and kisses. He's always throwing them up in the air and making them giggle like no one else can. He's the barbecue king at family get togethers.

Through the ups and downs of everyday life, he is always there for his family. Juggling public life and family seems effortless for him, even though it was quite challenging. No issue the kids or I bring is ever too large for him to tackle. He always gives sound advice or a lending ear to comfort us when no solution can be found. He knows all our kids' friends and they love being around him, even enduring his lame dad jokes, which he enjoys telling frequently.

Our family has always supported Chaim in his work on behalf of the community, especially the elderly, the Holocaust survivors, and the less fortunate. Even when it meant giving up family time, our kids understood their father's passion for giving to others.

I could go on and on singing his praises and extolling his virtues. I'm sure by now the picture of his selflessness and concern for others has been painted in bright colors. His care, concern, and compassion for others has always come before his own.

Chaim is committed to paying back his debts and is crestfallen over the impact these past five years have had on our family. The sleepless nights, the emotional turmoil, and the pressure keeps him awake at night. The sudden loss of his employment left him wondering how we would keep our family home, where we live with four of our five children, and pay back the monies owed. Thank G-d he has found a job, working 10-12 hour days. We are now in a position to pay back the IRS and pay the thousands of dollars in lawyer's fees that are still outstanding, in the coming years. Our savings are now depleted, so we were counting on the money earned now.

In light of an exemplary life filled with good deeds, I beg the court to show him and our family mercy during the sentencing phase of this case.

Yours respectfully,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Sarah Deutsch', with a large, stylized loop at the end.

Sarah Deutsch

Hon. James L. Cott  
United States Courthouse  
500 Pearl Street  
New York, New York 10007

Dear Judge Cott,

Your honor has come to know my dad recently under the most unfortunate of circumstances. However, I have known him for 26 years, and if you will allow me a few moments of your time, I can give you a bigger picture of who he truly is.

For as long as I can remember, my dad has been doing good. From helping teens at risk, to settling domestic disputes, to helping people with financial problems; he has never turned anyone away. This is easily verifiable information, because if you ask anyone that knows of him, they will tell you. My dad's name is synonymous with compassion, kindness, and consideration towards everyone.

My dad did not become a council member to get into the politics game. He did it because he knew it was the best way he can help the most people. If I have one negative thing to say about him, it is that he is a horrible politician. My dad carries himself with an incredible amount of integrity, honesty, and grace. I have witnessed first-hand how other politicians walk all over their colleagues to help their personal agendas, but that was never my dad. He always found it in his heart to forgive and forget so he can fulfill his agenda of helping people. He has shown grace in every situation, and that is something that I truly admire about him.

My dad does not help others for the attention or the popularity. While his past position as a council member inevitably came with the publicity, there are stories of my dad working behind the scenes that only we, his family, will ever know. No one will ever hear about the late night knocks on our door from someone desperate for his help, or the hours he spends on the phone to help just one person who has reached out. No one will ever hear about the countless amount of people he brings home to our Sabbath table because my dad doesn't want them to be alone, or the homeless men and women he encounters and helps, all while treating them with the respect they deserve but are rarely given.

When Covid-19 was in full force, and many people were unfortunately losing family members, a co-worker called me for my dad's help. She knew someone who had just lost her husband. This woman had children at home, no income, and no food. Within the hour, my dad had made the necessary phone calls and had food boxes sent for the holiday and for months afterward. My co-worker's friend never knew where the food came from and probably will never find out. This is just one small example of what my dad does. There are hundreds, maybe thousands, of stories just like this one, because it is far from an isolated incident. My co-worker knew exactly who to call because that is the reputation that my dad has made for himself over the years; a problem solver, a do-gooder, a person to go to in crisis.

With all the good that my dad does, he never expects nor asks for anything in return. In fact, on the day that he plead guilty, he was adamant that we do not miss work to go with him. He did not want to be a burden to us. I had to convince him that I already took the day from work to go with him. Only then did he agree to have me come along. Even for something as life changing as this, he did not want to ask for help or be an inconvenience.

As my dad's daughter, it is basically my obligation to brush all these things off like they are not a big deal. But if I am being honest, I am so incredibly proud of my dad. I am so lucky that I grew up with him as a role model, because he taught me compassion, integrity, and grace on a level that not every child gets to witness from a parent. He gives with his whole heart and he is the most selfless person I know.

I know my dad deeply regrets his error in judgement, since it goes against his deepest instinct to do good. I beg of you to find it in your heart to grant him the same compassion and grace he shows to others, because while you know him as a person who has committed fraud, that is just a needle in the haystack of great things my dad has done and will continue to do.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Sheva Deutsch". The script is cursive and fluid.

Sheva Deutsch


July 20, 2021

Honorable James L. Cott  
United States Courthouse  
500 Pearls Street  
New York, NY 10007

Dear Judge Cott,

My name is Rachelle Sauer and Chaim Deutsch is my father and the grandfather to my three beautiful boys. As the eldest child, I have witnessed firsthand all that there is to know about the past 30 years of my father's life. My father has been a community leader and advocate since he founded Flatbush Shomrim when I was approximately a year old. The sole purpose of that organization was to dedicate his life to helping and protecting people, and he has done just that.

From a very early age my siblings and I were taught to respect everyone and to help those in need. On any given day, there would be people in our home seeking my father's assistance. He has guided and helped countless individuals including victims of abuse, at risk teens, children and adults with disabilities, the elderly, the less fortunate, and countless important organizations. It was not uncommon for people to knock on our door at all hours. Most days, my father would walk into the house at 2AM



because after working all day, he would spend the rest of his evening helping the community. This definitely meant that we got to see less of our father, but we always understood the importance of what he was doing. At some point, I realized that the best way to spend time with him was to accompany him on his trips around the community. Because of this time that I spent with him, I got to witness all of it firsthand.

Until this day, I cannot walk down the streets of Brooklyn with my father without someone stopping us to thank him and to tell him to “keep up the good work”. I have lost count of how many people have gushed to me about how my father saved them from a tough situation and how I should be proud to be his daughter.

My father is known to be both a dependable and selfless person. He has never told someone that he is too busy to help them out. In fact, he has saved countless of actual lives. He has helped numerous at risk teens turn their lives around. I have seen those same teens approach my Dad as accomplished adults with families and careers, so they could thank him for saving them.

Besides for being known as a leader, my father is known as “Zaidy” to my children. My children’s eyes light up when he walks into the room because they know that he is going to make a silly joke or sing a funny song. He is the most loving and endearing grandfather to my boys. As young as they are, my children are already aware of how much their grandfather does for others. They are so proud of him that



they even crowned him the “President of Brooklyn” because he helps people. I know that my boys will grow up to be even better men with him as their example.

When my father was running for City Council and Congress, my children and I were proud to campaign alongside him. We knew that if elected he would not just be another typical politician, but someone who really cared and would get things done for the people.

My father never lets an obstacle stop him from doing what he can to help. On an extremely hot day 6 years ago, while he was fasting for a Jewish fast day known as Tisha B’Av, a whole row of buildings was left without electricity. My father asked if I wanted to come along for a quick ride to Sheepshead Bay to assess the scene. Being almost 9 months pregnant at the time, I waited for him in the car. I figured that he would be back once he checked out the extent of the damage and delegated to the appropriate companies. Instead, my father stood outside in the heat and handed out water to the residents; all while fasting. He waited for Con Edison to arrive, right beside his constituents. Only 4 hours later, once they had finally begun to restore the electricity, did he leave. This story is who my father is.

It is unfortunate that my father is no longer in the city council, because I know that there is one less person advocating for the community’s needs. Among these community members are elderly veterans and Holocaust survivors, who know they can count on his advocacy.

We are so proud of the person that my father is. I ask for leniency on behalf of my father who is the most selfless, caring, dedicated public servant that we all know.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'RS' or 'R. Sauer', enclosed within a circular scribble.

Rachelle Sauer